

To Find A Place
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Summary: She could sew, cook, draw but she's a Viking! She should be out there in the battlefield! Too bad her father doesn't let her fight. Warning: Fem!Hiccup

1. This is Berk

****Author's Notes:****I fell in love with HTTYD after I watched it. Really. One of the greatest films ever and I'm quite picky with movies so that's saying something. Anyway, this idea has been playing on my mind after stumbling on a few gender bent fics in HTTYD fandom. What I noticed is that whenever Hiccup is a female, there will be too much romance or the story will just be a re-hash of the canon story line which is kind of "off putting" for me. No offence but I really believe that Hiccup's changed gender will have big repercussions to the story. So, here I am taking a chance in making a fic that hopefully won't end up as a terrible terror with a Mary Sue lead. Forgive me for the lame pun. So, enjoy reading and please put down your torches and pitchforks and axes.

****Warning**:**This features a Fem!Hiccup. Not your cup of tea? Then please find another story that suits your taste and leave this one alone. The last thing I want are flames.

****Disclaimer:**** I Do Not Own "How to Train Your Dragon" or any of its characters. I'll be mauled by Toothless if I claim otherwise.

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><p>To Find A Place

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><p>Chapter 1: This is Berk

"Under attack! Under attack! We're under attack!"

The sounds of flapping wings, explosions, and enraged warriors woke me up. Roars and screams filled the air of my tiny village.

Dragons! I immediately wore my vest and boots and ran downstairs. From our windows, orange flames lit up the darkness. Our neighbour's house was caught on fire. Stumbling across the living room, I finally reached the door and opened it only to face a Monstrous Nightmare. I slammed the door shut just in time to avoid becoming a dragon's roasted breakfast. _What a nice way to start the day._ After a few seconds, the sounds of flapping wings went away. I bolted out of the house and into the chaos of fighting Vikings, flying Dragons, and running flocks of sheep. _Yep, a great way to start the day. Another chance to prove myself as a true Viking!_

This was one of the typical raids in our little village of Berk. It's a place where it rains for nine months of the year and hails the other three. It's twelve days north of hopeless and a few degrees south of freezing to death. It's located forlornly on the meridian of misery. It's not that bad a place to live in. The only problems are the pest. The big, vicious, fire-breathing, flying, reptilian pests.

I found myself out in the streets. People running here and there. A man suddenly fell in front of me, no doubt thrown off by whatever dragon from above. He picked himself up, grabbed his axe, and ran into battle again. A sudden explosion from behind me knocked me down. _Come on, Hiccup! Get up! Move!_ my mind processed as I tried to get up. An old Viking passing by saw me and suddenly pulled me up. "Oof!" _I think I pulled a muscle_.

"Good morning!" he greeted merrily before screaming into battle. I never got the chance to say "Thanks". I never even got to tell him that his beard was on fire too.

Fighting and killing a dragon is everything in here. We are Vikings - brave and tenacious, although stubborn is more of a right term. My name is Hiccup, daughter of my tribe's chief - Stoick the Vast. I'm slightly smaller and thinner than the other girls not to mention that I'm light as a feather. I'm a bit of a klutz too but if you put me in the kitchen I won't mess up. I could sew perfect stitches and draw amazing pictures. But what's the good in that if I can't fight?

Warriors are the most renowned men and women in this place. They embody the true essence of Vikingness. My father is the strongest among all the Vikings while my mother was a respectable shield maiden. But the gods seem to have forgotten my fearsome heritage and made me into something like... this: small and thin as a toothpick. Everyone considers me as frail and fragile as a fishbone and so I was kept away from weapons of any kind much to my horror. I should be a warrior. It's my right. If they just give me a chance then I could prove to them that I could fight too.

"Hiccup! What are you doing here? Get back inside!" a woman yelled as I ran passed her. It alerted everyone of my presence and they started shouting warnings at me.

"What the? Get back inside lassie!"

"Get back inside, Hiccup!"

"Get out of here!"

"Hiccup!"

I ignored them and kept running. If only I could reach the catapults and operate it to hit something that isn't a house or a tree or a person then they will approve of me. I might finally be even permitted to battle training. And if I'm lucky enough to hit a dragon, they might even sign me up for Dragon training!

Fire blazed on the path that I was just about to walk on and someone forcefully pulled me back by the scruff of my neck. The person turned me around and I met his eyes reflecting incredulity, anger, and worry. Oh great.

"Hiccup! What are you doing here? What is she doing here?" my father asked around.

"Dad, I-"

He cut off my answer as he deemed it unnecessary to find an explanation about my attendance in the raid. There are still people to command, dragons to slay, sheeps to save! He hastily pushed me towards his best friend's smith shop. "Gobber, let her in there!" The crippled blacksmith took me inside the shop and before my father went away, he gave me a look that translates into "*****STAY IN THERE! !*****" in bold and capital letters with two exclamation points. Dut duh duh. Once again, I'm stuck in a shelter without regards about my opinion. Hurray.

"Hey there lassie, come to join the party?" Gobber greeted as he led me inside the shop. It was hot inside. I started to feel uncomfortable in my thick clothes with the sudden change of temperature. The sight and smell of coal and burning wood assaulted my senses.

"Me? I'm way too feisty to just sit and watch the fight." I quipped as I found a seat near the windows. If there was anyone who at least appreciates my aspirations to become a great viking warrior, it's Gobber. The blacksmith humored me with an "Glad that you're here then!" laugh as he accepted broken weapons from disgruntled Vikings. He had to repair those in double time because of the attack. It was such a pity that he had no apprentices, he really needed help. Helpâ€| An idea came into my mind. I inched closer to the furnace. I eyed the hammer lying harmlessly on the table.

"Hey Gobber, maybe I could-"

"Oh no no no no, Hiccup." He saw me reaching out the hammer and he immediately put it away. "Just let me do my job while you just stay put there and uhâ€|" he trailed.

"Do nothing?" I added flatly.

"Yes. Nothing." He agreed.

"But I have to do something! Come on, let me help!"

"Sorry Hiccup but the last time you tried helping here the whole

village thought there was a dragon raid with the explosion that you caused." he said before going back into fixing Uncle Spitelout's sword.

"It was an accident! It won't happen again."

"No is a no, lassie." he accentuated each word with a loud clang of the hammer to the sword.

I sighed in defeat. No use in arguing when he's busy like that. Had this been any other situation, Gobber would have listened to my reasons although him yielding to it will be a different matter all together.

My eyes wandered to the chaos outside the shop. A nearby house was burning. Many of the villagers tried to doused the flames. Then the Viking trainees came to the rescue with a cart full of water. Fishlegs and Snotlout, my cousin, were the first to threw water into the fire. The twins, Tuffnut and Ruffnut, were too busy arguing to be able to do anything else at the moment. The house suddenly exploded as another dragon thought it will be funny set it on fire again. Screams and yells ensued but a midst all of that, Astrid calmly threw water into the fire and walked away as if she was just walking into the meadows. Their job is so much cooler.

I sighed in envy. All of those teenagers are of the same age as I am. Astrid and Ruffnut are girls yet all of them are accepted and encouraged to become warriors and dragon slayers by everyone. Why am I the only exception? Of course the people are happy that I'm good at managing the household and the farms but being a warrior is so so much more!

I glanced at Gobber who was still busy repairing weapons. This is my chance. Maybe if I just help them put out the fire then they could accept me. It may be a small deed but all great accomplishments start that way. I would just have to prove that I'm not useless during this times first. As quietly as possible and started to climb out of the window. I was almost out when-

"Oh, no you don't." Gobber hooked my collar and effortlessly dragged me like a hanging fish inside the shop again.

"Oh come on, Gobber. I need to make my mark!"

"You already did that with the destruction of my old shop."

"That doesn't count and I already said I'm sorry and it was an accident! Please Gobber, you have to let me fight."

"You can't wield a sword, you can't carry an axe, you can't even throw one of these." He said as he dangled a bola in front of me.

I couldn't say anything against that because as much as it hurts it's the truth. I can't carry heavy weapons thus eliminating almost all the weapons available in the village. I could wield a knife proficiently but what's the use of that? I averted my eyes from Gobber. It hurts when people, friend or not, remind me and insist to me my uselessness in this kind of situations. I already know. There's no need to rub it in my face. I hate that I can't do anything. My gaze then landed on an unusual contraption inside the room. I lit up

at the sight and stood beside it.

"But I could use this!" I proudly said.

The contraption was something I suggested to the blacksmith a long time ago: a mini-catapult. I thought that having large catapults in permanent stations are useful against human invasions but they're disadvantageous against dragons. The mini-catapults should be more easy to mobilize to keep up with the extremely agile reptiles. Since it's movable, we could also easily prevent them from getting destroyed by the fire. Wasted resources for towers and giant catapult building and restoration will be minimized.

"I could definitely use this Gobber." I said with determination. "I could use this without messing up."

"No." he said. "Hiccup, just please stay in here and wait until the raid is over."

"But I'm the one who thought of this! It's not that heavy- all right its heavy but it has wheels! I can move this and all I have to do is cut the ropes and-"

"Be that as it may, I still can't let you go out there. It's too dangerous for you." he explained.

"But-"

"No buts, Hiccup. This is for your own good." He insisted. "I know you want to help but you can't do anything in here without posing a threat to yourself or to others."

I didn't gave him any answer. I hate this.

Gobber sighed and grabbed my shoulders, forcing me to face him. "Just think about it this way. If you do nothing and stay here, your father would not be worried and the people will not be burdened with keeping you safe. You're much of a greater help this way." He gave me a crooked smile.

I don't like this. I hate not doing anything. But if he put it that way. "Fine." I replied.

The blacksmith gave me a pat in the head "Good." And with that he went back to work.

I may have acknowledged my uselessness and shortcomings as a warrior. Yes, I'm weak but that doesn't mean I'll accept it. I'll become better and someday, I'm sure, I would become the greatest Viking they will ever see.

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><p>Author's Notes: And here it is! I hope you enjoyed reading. I know I've made a big change here but I believe its for the best. Like I said earlier, Hiccup being a girl has repercussions in the story.

I've researched about Viking women. The credibility of the information I'm not too sure. It's from the internet so who knows if

the people who wrote it could be trusted but that's beside the point. Anyway, women in Viking culture have a lot more privileges and opportunities in contrast to women of all cultures around Europe at that time. Women are in charge of the household and farms when their husbands are away. They could also be warriors. Some of them even accompany their spouses during battle. If a woman feels that she isn't treated right by her husband, she can divorce him without any problems. The only problem for women at that time was arranged marriages. They can't have a say on who they can marry. But for the most part, men and women in a Viking society are equals.

Now, how does that explain my take on a female Hiccup? Well, in canon Hiccup is a male. As a male Viking, you will be expected to be capable of fighting. If you can't, too bad. You won't have much respect. Hiccup can't fight, you know: his hands and axes and swords and everything that goes with battle don't go well together when he's outside the forge (that's my headcanon). Hence he's pretty much unimpressive towards his peers. Add to the fact that since he and his father are the only one left in their household, the job of managing farms and housekeeping will more likely fall on him. Today, that won't be so bad. Modern women appreciates a man who can help her clean and cook every once in a while. But in an old Viking society, it will be embarrassing since those are women's jobs. Of course, Hiccup may be a blacksmith's apprentice but the damage on his reputation was already done. He can't fight = Failure as a man + He does women's work = FAIL = USELESS.

Now, if Hiccup is female, the fighting will not be mandatory. It will be an option. Her responsibilities will automatically fall on household and farm management. Hiccup is smart hence his female counterpart will be smart too. Brains is essential to managing not brawn. So she'll be fine.

As I mentioned earlier, even in canon Hiccup will most likely be the one cleaning and cooking in the Haddock household. It's a responsibility that stabs in his masculinity. Now, if he was a female, there will be nothing wrong with that since it's already her duty. She's expected to do that so it's normal.

Fem!Hiccup fulfills her duties as a woman perfectly hence the people won't be hard on her as they are with male Hiccup. She won't be branded as useless. But of course Hiccup is Hiccup no matter what gender, s/he will still try hard to become a warrior. She still brings trouble.

As for her not being Gobber's apprentice, here are the reasons:

1. She will be too busy handling the household and farms. She doesn't have much time to spare as male Hiccup do.
2. She is a fish bone. Both Hiccup and fem Hiccup have thin bodies. We know Hiccup could work around it but his female counterpart? I don't think so. I hate to admit it but when it comes to physical prowess, men will always be biologically better than women.
3. I think we can all agree that Stoick is an overprotective father. Now as an overprotective father, will you leave your one and only daughter with another man for the entire duration of the day without any guards or companion of some sorts. I don't think so. Granted, Gobber and Stoick are best of friends but as I said:

Overprotective.

Sorry for the long note but hope that clears out a lot of things in the story. Hopefully, you could understand my logic. Thank you for reading!

2. Dragon Battle

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><p>Chapter 2: Dragon Battle

The sun still wasn't up but the entire village was hustling and bustling already courtesy of a sudden dragon raid, not that the reptiles will ever give us a warning. Most of the people were busy evacuating and salvaging houses and livelihood. My father and the rest of the warriors were busy driving away the dragons. Me? I'm stuck inside a smith shop with a man who was constantly watching me like a hawk.

"Gobber, could you please stop that. I already gave you my word. I won't do anything." I complained as I caught him looking at me again.

He gave the sword he was a fixing one last whack before passing it to the waiting Viking outside. "You can't blame me, lassie. You have an attention span of a sparrow. One second you're there and another second later you'll be setting your hair on fire." He laughed. The heat inside the shop became more intense as the furnace burned brightly to melt metals. Gobber wiped the sweat gathering on his brows then went back to work.

I whined at the horrible memory that he jabbed me with. "Will you ever live that down? And how did you even know about that?"

"Well, your father was the one who shared the story one night." Gobber laughed jovially then stopped. I'm sure he had just realized how wrong that statement came out.

I huffed. I was irritated, sad, and accepting at the same time. "Of course." I grumbled. I know and believe that my father loves me. I really really do. If not then why am I stuck in this place? If he didn't really care then he would have had no problems letting me loose in a dragon raid. But let's just say father has severe issues in showing his concern and affection for me not that Gobber was any better. Maybe it was a men thing.

"Hiccup, don't be like that. Your father didn't mean any ill about that." The blacksmith tried to placate my slowly building depression.

"Of course." I grumbled again as I fixed my sight on a wall. In this place I was considered as the following: Hiccup the Burden, Hiccup the Nuisance, or the accursed Hiccup the Good Wife. Most of the warriors believe me as the first two. I was the Burden because during the raids, I'm obviously a bother to protect. I was the Nuisance because whenever I try to help in the battlefield it will more often than not ends up in a disaster. The last one, The Good Wife, was what the common villagers considered me. They acknowledged my skills in managing the farm. The womenfolk also commended my sewing and housekeeping. They saw me as a good looking girl with a high status in the village. I was an ideal wife for anyone's son- a good wife.

I was glad to know that some people admire my works and appreciate my efforts to help the village. But it was odd that they think I'm pretty because I have freckles peppered all over my face. My red hair was always dry and frizzy. I have a gap between my two front teeth. I also happen to have the body figure of a toothpick; Snotlout calls me "Flat Lands" because of that. So I couldn't help but feel unimpressed whenever people praise my so called good looks. I just think that they're lies made in order to impress and flatter the village chief's daughter.

My last nickname, the Good Wife, might seem positive to others but I hate it. I hate it the most among the three nicknames. Me? Just a good common housewife? I don't think so! Ending up like that is worse than being useless! I'm someone more than that. I'm a warriors' daughter. I refuse to be a woman stuck only at home to sew, cook, and take care of children. I absolutely refuse to that fate.

Suddenly there was a faint whistling screeching sound. Gobber stopped working. My eyes grew wide as I recognized the sound which was becoming louder and louder by the second.

"Night Fury! Get down!" someone yelled outside.

Even though I was already in a place with a roof and four sturdy walls, I still ducked. I saw Gobber hunched a bit. No one would call us cowards by our reactions. Ducking and hiding were the reactions instinctively embedded in us since childhood if we encounter Night Furies.

Night Furies were the most fearsome and elusive dragon in the village. They were the unholy offspring of lightning and death itself.

There was a resounding boom from a distance followed by yells and screams.

Night furies were the stuff for the stories that terrorize each and every Vikings to their very souls. They were the dragons that don't steal food which means that they only attack us for the thrill of the kill.

Another explosion shook the village.

Night furies don't show themselves which gave us great fear. We cannot know when, where, and how they will attack. We cannot properly defend ourselves.

There was another resounding boom and from the windows I saw a faint

flicker of blue and purple on the dark sky. It was followed by the sound of something falling apart. One of the catapults must have been destroyed again.

Last but not least, the Night Furies never ever miss. Once it has you on sightâ€œ You. Are. Dead.

I heard sounds of shuffling and clanking and I straightened up. Gobber was changing the tools on his amputated hand. He removed the hammer and placed an axe in its stead. _He's going out to fight._ He saw me staring at him.

"They need me out there." He stated. He opened shop's doors and before going outside, his blue eyes glinted at me in warning.

"You. Stay. Put. There." He said.

I only looked silently.

"You know what I mean." He added before giving out a battle cry and started hobbling to the other Vikings who were fighting. His wooden peg leg made a faint thunk thunk on the ground.

And thus I was left alone.

Alone.

Perfect.

I started to count from one to ten. Then I slowly tiptoed to the doors and peeked outside. I also looked through the windows. I slowly smiled. Not much people are outside. _Coast is clear!_

I scavenged the shop for something heavy and big enough for me to carry. I cursed as I could not find anything else but coals and strips of metals. "There has to be something in here." I whispered. My eyes caught sight of the broken war hammer on the working table. _That will do!_

I pulled out the knife hidden in my vest and cut the ropes binding the large polished stone from the broken handle. I then lifted it towards the mini catapult. _Oof, heavy._ Gritting my teeth, I slowly walked towards the contraption and place the stone in its platform. I took a moment to catch my breath. Lifting was not one of my greatest talents.

Now I had to undertake the next difficult task â€œ pushing the mini catapult outside. I had the shop's door opened wide in preparation. I placed myself behind the contraption. I took a deep breath. _Okay Hiccup, you can do this. It's going to be hard at first but with enough force you could gain a momentum and then pushing this thing will become as easy as a breeze. _ I lunged and firmly planted my hands on the contraption. _One, two, three!_ I pushed with all my might. The mini catapult made creaking noises as its wheels slowly moved. _Just a little more. _With one last great shove, the contraption finally moved. _Yes!_ I rejoiced and I quickly made my way outside. I pushed past the other Vikings scattering around. I faintly heard someone yelling and asking me to go back into hiding. Well, I don't care anymore. This is my chance and like Hel I'm going to let it pass me by.

I finally found a perfect shooting spot. It was somewhere near a burned house on one of the elevated places in the village. How I managed to push the contraption all the way up, I'm not entirely sure. But what was important was I made it up. I took a moment to catch my breathe. Then I set up the catapult. I tied the launcher and placed the heavy stone on it. I took out my knife and place it near the straining rope. Then I waited.

"Come on. Come on. Give me something to shoot at. Give me something to shoot at." I whispered fervently as I observed the dark starry sky. "Come on."

There was loud roar followed by a whistling sound. Night Fury! My realization proved to be true as one of the towers exploded in blue fire. Then my eyes caught a shadow passed on the flames. I only have one shot at this. Taking my chances, I aimed the catapult and cut the ropes. It launched the stone with a great force. The rope made a slicing sound in the air. The launch caused me to back away a little.

There was a loud cracking sound confirming its impact on the dragon. Then there was a roar followed by rapid flapping sounds. I frantically squinted across the sky, looking for the dragon. My heart skipped a beat as my eyes traced a shadow slowly flying to the forest.

"I hit it." I blinked. My heart started to beat faster as the reality sunk in. I hit it. "Yes, I hit it!" This is so great. They will now see that I have what it takes to fight. I could be a warrior! Better yet, I could be a Dragon Slayer! And it was a Night Fury. A Night Fury! Oh great Odin's ghost! I just downed the most powerful and feared dragon - a Night Fury. I can't help the smile that spread on my face. Dad will be so proud!

My joy abruptly ended as I felt something breathe behind me. It was warm and suspiciously smelled like smoke. Oh no. I cringed when I heard a low grumbling sound. I slowly took a glance behind my back. Sure enough, there was a big bad red dragon behind me and I'm sure had it been a human it would have been smirking for all its worth. Hello, Monstrous Nightmare. We meet again. I backed away slowly. What is it with you guys? The Nightmare crushed the mini-catapult with its paw. I was still frozen in my spot. Do you stupid reptiles have a personal vendetta against me? Seriously! Then dragon opened its jaws to fire and I took that as my cue to start running away while screaming my head off. Kill joy reptile.

I heard the creature's snapping jaws. I screamed louder when I felt the edge of my tunic got caught in its teeth. Gods! I pushed myself away from it and tore my clothes in the process. I ran for my dear life towards the village square. Surely, many of the warriors will be there to help me. I narrowly escaped a torrent of fire sent my way. I immediately checked my hair. It wasn't on fire yet. Good! I suddenly tripped on a rock. I made a colorful curse that I'm sure will put my father to shame. I was about to run again but I stayed on the ground as fire rushed above my head. The Nightmare roared and I swear the ground shook at the sound. I frantically crawled away. Run! Run! Run!

The red dragon jumped and all means of my escape vanished. It had me

pinned under his claws. My heart thundered in my chest. I was going to die. I downed a Night Fury but I'm going to be killed by a Nightmare. The gods loved to play with my life. Its big yellow eyes stared at me and for one moment I thought it was going to spare me. But then it opened its jaws and poised to strike. I closed my eyes. Sorry, Dad.

There was a cry from my left and before I knew it, the dragon was finally off of me. I rolled away and wobbly stood up. The brush with death still had me spooked. I can't focus my sight anywhere. I faintly heard the Nightmare whined and flew away.

"Hiccup!" my father called me.

That brought everything back into focus. "Dad?" I finally looked around. Almost all of the warriors were around us. I could even see the trainees. I almost died. My dad had to rescue me. It was a situation that does not bode well for me. Oh, I'm so screwed.

"What are you doing here? !" he asked. He was furious and scared. Others may not see it, but it was obvious to me that he's scared, his fist were strongly clenched. His knuckles were turning white.

I flinched at the tone of his voice. I dropped my gaze to the ground. "Sorry, Dad."

He still glared at me.

Danger alarms rang loudly in my head. In desperation of avoiding his ire, I rambled. "Okay, but I hit a Night Fury."

Father grabbed me by the scruff of my neck and lifted me off the ground. I looked like a hanging fish and all of the warriors are here, watching. It was embarrassing but I still continued rambling.

"Believe me, Dad. I swear I hit it with the contraption Gobber made. Well, it was generally my idea but it worked and the Night Fury went down into the forest just off Raven's Point. Dad, let's set up a search party and-"

"Stop." he dropped me back to my feet. Father took me away from the circle of warriors. But it was kind of pointless since they followed us anyway. I snapped my mouth shut as he glared at me again.

"Did you see it fall, Hiccup?" he asked.

"Uh, no?"

"Did it stopped flying?" he pressed on.

I remembered how the shadow kept flapping its wing. "No." I answered hesitantly.

My father looked like the discussion was already over with that and was about to turn away.

No! He can't leave me like this! I have to convince him. "Dad! Please believe me! I really really hit it. Okay, I may not have seen

it fall down but it must have gotten weak by now. We have to search for it. Dad-

"Stop. Stop. Just stop." he cut me off again. This was how our conversations often goes.

"I told you to stay inside the smith shop. You didn't follow my instruction and this happened!" He then gestured at me. "You almost died, Hiccup! Besides that, I have other bigger problems with the dragons stealing our food! Winter's almost here and I still have an entire village to feed!" he ranted.

It may just be my imagination but I swear I could hear someone snickering to my expense. I puffed my cheeks. I hate this. In an attempt to save my dignity I quipped. "Well, trust me Dad. Between you and me, the village could definitely afford less feeding this winter." I made a shrug gesture behind me to emphasize my point. I wouldn't be surprised if some of the warriors behind me will be insulted.

It was a bad thing to say as my father's face turned a hundred times more furious. "This isn't a joke, Hiccup!" He then sighed in frustration. "Why couldn't you follow my simple instruction?!"

My dignity was being torn apart in front of the warriors as he continued his reprimand. "Dad, I can't help it!" I explained in an effort to save my face in public. "I have a warrior's blood in me! If there's a battle, I couldn't help but join in, you know. It's who I am, Dad."

My father face palmed in exasperation. "You're a lot of things, Hiccup. But a warrior is definitely not one of them." He sighed again. "Just go back home." He then gestured for Gobber. "Make sure she gets there, I still have work to do." he told him.

Gobber placed a hand in my shoulder and slowly guided me away from the crowd. But as the gods have willed it, my humiliation didn't end yet.

We passed along the Viking trainees. Ruffnut was cackling while Tuffnut was snickering. Fishlegs gave me a nervous look. Astrid... well Astrid's face was unreadable as ever. But the worst was my cousin. I glared at the ground. Snotlout was so immature that he still can't grow out of his habit of teasing me.

"Wow, Hiccup! That was great!" he exclaimed. His words dripped with malice.

"Yeah, yeah. I tried." I grumbled since I was not in the mood to tore him apart verbally today.

He noticed that I was subdued at the moment so he carried on with his teasing. "Well, you can show us the Night Fury later, right?" he said mockingly.

Gobber slapped him in the head for his cheekiness but it was pointless. The damage was already done. The twins we're already laughing at the joke. Snoutlout looked back at Astrid. The blonde girl ignored him.

"Come on, let's go." Gobber said as he pushed me away from them.

* * *

><p>The walk home was not really far but it was far enough to give me time to rant. Gobber was one of the two people in the village who could stand me during my rants.</p>

"I really hit it!" I insisted.

"Of course." he answered.

"He never listens!" I complained.

"It runs in the family." he smoothly countered.

"Arrgh! I swear, if I were a boy he would have believed me without a doubt!"

"You don't know that." he replied. His thick blonde brows frowned at that.

"Yes, I do!" I yelled as we went up towards my house. "If I had been a boy, everything will be infinitely better! He wouldn't treat me as a baby. He wouldn't look like I'm going to break apart for every moment. And if I ever screw up, he wouldn't scowl like someone skimped the meat in his sandwich!" I screamed in frustration as we finally reached my home's front door.

Again, Gobber frowned. Maybe because of my sudden desire to change gender or my weird analogy but I don't care. I was on a roll.

"Excuse me, bar maid!" I copied my father's accent. I always do that to make fun of him. "I'm afraid you've brought me the wrong offspring! I ordered an extra large **BOY **with beefy arms! Extra guts and glory on the side! This here! This is girly talking fish bone!" I finished while I gestured to myself.

Gobber shook his head. "Your father doesn't think that."

"Yes, he does! I know that he couldn't stand me because I'm a girl!" I argued.

The man sighed. "The problem is not your gender, Hiccup. It's what's inside you that he can't stand."

I stared at him. Gobber, your my friend and I really really appreciate your advises to me but please during these moments of my life will you just please stop talking. Your words are not comforting even by a mile! My eyebrow twitched. "Thank you for summing that up." I grumbled as I opened the door.

"Hiccup," he called perhaps to try and amend the unintentional insult. "Just stop trying so hard to be someone you're not." he gestured to all of me to prove his point.

Berk is a funny village. It's a single community but it has two completely different worlds. One of the warriors and one of the commons. My parents were warriors. Gobber, my only real friend, was a

warrior. All the teenagers of my age were warriors. I can't be a common villager. Everyone who are dear and close to me are warriors. I don't want to be left alone. I don't want to be a commoner. And with that, I answered Gobber the truth. My greatest wish. "I just want to be one of you, guys."

3. The Vikings have their Tea

****Author's Notes:**** Thank you for those who reviewed and put this story to their faves and alerts. I'm happy that you like the story so far. Here's the new chapter. Enjoy.

****Warning**:** This features a Fem!Hiccup. Not your cup of tea? Then please find another story that suits your taste and leave this one alone. The last thing I want are flames.

****Disclaimer:**** I Do Not Own "How to Train Your Dragon" or any of its characters. The Terrible Terrors will swarm me if I dare to claim it.

* * *

><p>To Find A Place

* * *

><p>Chapter 3: The Vikings have their Tea

I wearily went upstairs to my room. How could such a wonderful morning ended up like this? I sighed as I took out another green tunic dress. I had to change my clothes since the one I'm wearing at the moment has singed and shredded edges. Stupid Nightmares. I slipped off my vest then removed my belt and knife. While changing, I started drafting plans on how to make my father set up a search party in the forest. I swear that I really hit that Night Fury. I had most definitely downed it. We just have to find it.

I straightened out my dress and wore my fur vest again. I then took the comb from my table and sat on the bed. I loosened my red hair from the messed up braid. It was bad enough that I have bad hair but constant running made it worse not to mention the high probability of it catching on fire. I winced as I ran the comb through my thick hair. Augh. It was badly tangled. I yanked the comb further until finally, it reached the tips. My fingers brushed on it and I cursed. I pinched some of my hair strands and looked at it. I cursed again. My hair must have grazed on the stupid Nightmare's fire without me noticing it. My hair tips were burned. I grudgingly took the scissors from the table and trimmed my hair by an inch. I wiped off the cut hair and assessed my work. I puffed my cheeks in annoyance. Once again, my hair reaches only just my shoulders. I can't braid it. I could never grow my hair out like Astrid or Ruffnut. I sighed. Well, I can't do anything about it. I just have to wait for it to grow again.

My thoughts went back to the Night Fury while I put back the scissors and comb on the table. I started to think about my father's words. Doubts started to form in my mind. Did it stop flying? No. I would be lying if I said that I didn't see it flew away. Maybe Dad was right? I didn't really down it? But the shadow looked like it was

having a hard time flying away. It has to stop flying eventually. I have most definitely downed it right?

"Only way to find out is to search for it." I told myself.

I ran downstairs and went outside. I would clean the house later.
Today's agenda: find the Night Fury.

"Hiccup! There you are. We've been looking for you." A blonde woman with brown eyes approached me. It was Ingrid Hofferson. "Oh dear, what happened to your hair? I heard you were attacked by a Nightmare? Anyway, we need you to look over the farm. I think the dragons hadn't taken much of the animals this time. There were less destroyed houses and the fields were mostly undamaged too." She said and gestured me to come with her.

Okay, change of priorities.

"Oh. All right, Mrs. Hofferson." I told her and followed her quickly.

Today's agenda: Farms first, Night Fury hunt later.

The woman laughed. "Hiccup, how many times do I have to tell you? Ingrid is just fine." She said as she slowed down her pace to let me catch up with her.

"It seems appropriate." I replied.

She shook her head. "Hiccup, I took care of you when you were a child. There's no need for such formality between us."

I could only hum in a reluctant agreement. When my mother died during one of the raids, Dad said I was only four winters old at that time, the Hoffersons had me live with them for almost five years. My father had been too busy at that time. Chief duties. Viking duties. Search for the dragons' nests. Funerals. He didn't have the time, as well as knowledge, to take care of me. Father was grateful for their kindness and trusted them with my well-being.

I could only remember bits and pieces of my time with the Hoffersons. They were a really nice family. Gunnar and Ingrid treated me the same way as they treated their daughter, Astrid. They patiently answer my never ending questions. They let me play. They reprimand me when I did something wrong. We ate together. They always tell me stories about my Mom and Dad and dragons before bed time. Ingrid also taught me how to cook and sew. She was glad when I took a shine on those skills. Gunnar tried to teach me to handle an axe too. But after an incident with me almost chopping his leg off, he stopped and instead focused on Astrid, who was starting to show incredible potential as a fighter. I couldn't help the smile on my face as I remember when Astrid and I were still kids. One time, she attached paper wings on a sheep and we chased it with wooden swords. We used to play pretend. We were the warriors and the sheeps were the dragons. We used to be close. I wonder what drove us apart.

The Hoffersons were like my second family. They, especially Ingrid after Gunnar died in one of the nest hunts, still visit me to see how I was doing even when I came back to live with my father again. Sometimes, when I look back at those years that I had spent with

them, I couldn't help but wonder. If my Mom hadn't died so early, would my family be like that too? Will we always eat dinner together and laugh together? Will Mom also teach me how to cook and sew? Mom was a warrior; will she have taught me how to fight too? Will I have a sibling like Astrid who I could play with? Will Dad smile more often? Will he be less overprotective of me? I have a lot of questions but none of them will ever be answered. Only in my dreams will I ever have a complete family. The reality was different. I only have one live parent and I should be happy and grateful for it. But that still didn't stop my wishful thinking.

Ingrid and I walked past the busy villagers repairing their homes. Some of them greeted and smiled as we passed by. I observed my surroundings and I also reached Ingrid's conclusion. The raid had definitely left less damage on the village than usual. Only a few houses were burned and judging from the amount of noise I could hear as we went nearer the barn, most of our animals were intact too. I look to my left to check the fields. Only a small portion of it was burned.

I almost stopped walking when I realized something. Come to think of it! the dragon raid this time was short. Raids usually lasts until the sun starts rising on the horizon. But this time, it ended while the sky was still dark. Thoughts whirled on my mind as I look for an explanation at the sudden change of the dragons' attack. What could have happened that made them retreat immediately? Could the warriors have overcome them? No! that couldn't be it. They got scared? No. Stupid answer. What? What? Then it hit me. The Night Fury! Maybe, just maybe, the Night Fury has a crucial role among the dragon raiders. The head dragon? Their guard? Or maybe it's the look-out? But then I've downed it so! The dragons retreated. If my hunch is correct, this will provide positive implications to the village's dragon defence strategies and tactics.

"Hiccup, dear, are you alright?" Ingrid asked with concern.

"What?" I blinked at her in confusion. I must have retreated far too much in my thoughts.

"You've been standing and staring in there for a minute." She said. "Are you sure that you're alright? I've heard that you almost got eaten by a Monstrous Nightmare. Maybe it will be better if you went home to rest." She took my arm and was ready to take me back home.

"Oh, no no. I was just thinking!" I broke away from her and walked towards the barn. "I'm perfectly fine."

She looked at me with distrust. "Are you sure?"

"I'm really very extra sure." I insisted with a smile.

"Very well." Ingrid still seemed to be unsure but let me inside the barn nonetheless.

The smell of dung and animal cries welcomed me along with the frantic shouts of the herders. The sheeps reared their heads in our direction and noticed the open door. Uh oh. Their cries shouted "Freedom!" and then all of them stampeded towards the exit. Ingrid and I immediately stepped aside. After the flurry of escaping sheeps, the

chickens followed, and the few cows, and lastly the people taking care of them.

"Ah, there they go." A man with a massive beard and braided hair welcomed us. "Those animals won't stop moving around. Been giving us a hard time to put them back to their pens." He added then crookedly smiled at us; his yellow teeth were rotten and a few of them were missing. "Oh, and good morning, ladies."

His name is Crookshanks. He was one of the farmers in our village. He was a big buffed man with rotting teeth and bad breath. Some say that he was trained to become a warrior once but gave up after being put on defence during one of the dragon raids. People said it had him traumatized and a bitâ€|crazy. But of course that's village talk. Not all of them are true.

"Looks like the dragons didn't do much harm today, eh?" he said as he brought us outside and into the fields. "Looks like my wife is right! We killed some chickens and painted their blood on our house and the barn's door last night as protection. And well, what do you know, it drove away those pests!"

Sure enough I looked back into the barn. There were sloppy streaks of copperish brown on the door frames. I shuddered. Okayâ€| maybe there is a good reason those gossip exists.

"By the way, lassie." Crookshanks addressed me and his gray eyes shone with concern.

"Yes?"

"Heard you were attacked by a Nightmare."

I held back a groan. I was annoyed. "Wow, news travels fast in this place." I told him dryly.

"Hiccup." Ingrid warned me. She must have thought I was making a joke out of it.

Crookshanks frowned. "Lassie, you've almost been killed! You shouldn't have been out during the raid. Your father ought to have you locked up in your house during those times."

I rolled my eyes. Actually, he would have done that if he hadn't thought I was deeply asleep. Hah! As if I'll ever sleep through that ruckus. "Oh that's a great idea!" I exclaimed with a fake grin. "And then a dragon flies by and thinks "Hey there's a house over there, I'll fire on it!" and then I wouldn't be able to go out and I'll be baked dragon breakfast."

Ingrid and Crookshanks scowled. It was the usual reaction of the villagers whenever I talk sarcastically. They don't like it even if my words make obvious sense. Even my father hates it. Gobber was the only one that appreciates it. Oh and Gudrun. Gudrun always loved my sarcasm.

"Hiccup, it's not good to talk like that." Ingrid reprimanded me. "You'll drive away people if you keep that up."

Crookshanks, on the other hand, hummed in thought. "But you have to

admit she does have a point. She's still end up dead if she's locked in in her house. Hmmâ€œ perhaps you should paint some chicken's blood on your doors too. That will do the trick!" he advised.

I smiled wryly at the suggestion while Ingrid looked scandalized.

"No! No! No! Noooo!"

Our conversation was abruptly ended as the herders ran across the field. The sheeps and cows were eating the plants and those plants happened to be the soon-to-be food supply of the village. _Great Odin's ghost!_

"Stop them!" I yelled.

This is going to be a very long day.

* * *

><p>In the Meeting Hall, the Viking warriors have gathered to talk about their next move after the early morning raid. The place was lit with torches while the bonfire in the middle of the circular table burned brightly. Murmuring filled the establishment. Some looked warily at their Chief as he spoke.</p>

"Either we finish them or they'll finish us!" Stoick's voice boomed while gesturing at the map spread across the table. "This is the only way we'll be rid of them. If we find the nest then destroy it, the dragons will leave." He took a dagger from his belt and stabbed the map's upper left corner, the part full of dragon images. "They'll find another home." He concluded. He then looked around his warriors "Let's do one more search before ice sets in."

"Those ships never come back." one argued.

Stoick frowned. "We're Vikings it's an occupational hazard. Now who's with me?"

People started shaking their heads at the question. Whispers of their excuses bounced off the walls.

"I still have my children to feed."

"But winter's close."

"I'm scared."

"I still have clothes to wash."

Change of tactics. The village Chief thought. "Fine, there'll be no search party."

Sighs of relief filled the hall.

"But, my daughter did give a very useful suggestion earlier." He quickly added and the people started to look tense. _Good. _Stoick thought. It was the reaction he was hoping. "Since we won't be sailing to find the dragon's nest and the food was stolen this morning, we'll have no choice but to start rationing! All of us we'll

have no breakfast, no lunch, and-"

"Let's go find the nest!" one warrior exclaimed.

"Yes, to the ships!" a woman yelled.

"Let's leave, Stoick!" this statement earned nods and grunts of approval.

Stoick smirked beneath his massive beard. "Now that's more I like it. All right, meeting dismissed. Get some rest, we'll be leaving tonight."

People started to leave the hall to prepare for their departure. The village Chief noticed his friend drinking some mead at faraway table. How he managed to change his hand from an axe into a mug in an instant, Stoick will never know.

"Well," Gobber greeted him and put down his mug hand. "I'll go pack my undies."

Stoick shook his head in disagreement. "No, you will stay here and train the new recruits."

His friend frowned. "Oh and while I'm here suffering, you guys will be out there having fun kicking those dragons' asses. You people always leave me the hard jobs." He said and took another swig of mead.

Stoick only smiled and took a seat beside Gobber. His thoughts then went from the dragons, the raid, and slowly to his daughter's close call with death. He had never been so afraid in his life. After his wife's death, he became scared of losing Hiccup the same way and then this morning happened. The Nightmare had her in its clutches and was already poised on mauling her. Hiccup almost died all because she didn't listen to him. He sighed. His daughter was kind and smart and hard-working but she was too stubborn for her own good. Not to mention her unexplainable obsession about becoming a warrior when she clearly cannot be one. Stoick lost count on how many times the girl pulled dangerous stunts during the raids just to prove herself. He already lost count on how many times she set her hair on fire trying to do some crazy creations that he could never comprehend. He thank the gods that she seemed to be over her "making-something-awesome" phase though she did seem to convinced Gobber to make one for her, if her ramblings this morning were true.

"Oh, whatever am I going to do with her?" he asked miserably.

Gobber gave him a questioning look. "Who? Hiccup?"

The village Chief nodded in affirmation. A few seconds of silence followed then the other Viking shrugged. "Well, you could put her in training with the others." He suggested.

Stoick stared at him incredulously. Hiccup? Dragon training? He thought with horror. "Stop joking, Gobber. I'm serious."

Gobber stopped drinking and replied. "So am I."

Hundreds of images of Hiccup's training related deaths rushed in

Stoick's mind. All of them included axes, swords, spears, hammers, shields, dragons, teeth, fire. "She'll be killed before you let the first dragon out of its cage!"

His friend waved his hand in disbelief. "Oh you don't know that."

"Yes, I do." He insisted flatly.

"No, you don't." His friend insisted back before he gulped some mead.

"Yes. I actually do." He insisted again.

"No, you don't!" Gobber slammed down his mug hand and yelled in annoyance.

Stoick shook his head. "You just have no idea." He sighed. "From the timeâ€| He held back himself from choking. "From the time of Valhallarama's death, I justâ€| I don't know anymore."

"Oh no, here we go." Gobber muttered.

"Hiccup is justâ€| she's just so much like her mother but at the same time so muchâ€| different. She always asks questions. She always plays with things, sharp or not. She goes looking for gnomes. She goes hunting for trolls." He rambled.

"Trolls exist!" his friend cut him off and then mumbled something about why do those creatures take only left socks or something like that.

Stoick ignored him and continued talking while he paced around. "I don't know what to do with her. I don't know how to take care of her without my wife. I'm glad that the Hofferson's took her in for some time. I have no idea what to do. And then she came back to live with me and I still didn't know what to do. I love my daughter. I really do but she's still justâ€| different. She always tries to make me teach her how to hold an axe or a sword. She didn't need to know that when she's good enough with a knife and a pan in the kitchen! She's old enough to know that she can't fight but she still insists on becoming a warrior, on becoming a dragon slayer! Aughâ€| When I was young, I already know what my place in this world will be but Hiccupâ€|" He sighed again. "Hiccup is not like that. She's likeâ€| she can't understand what she's supposed to be."

"And that's why you should put her in training." Gobber said. "You have to prepare her, Stoick. Let her learn about herself. You can't always be here to protect her. None of us will always be here to protect her. What if we're gone? What if she goes wandering by herself? What if she's been attacked and injured? She wouldn't be able to know what to do. You have to let her learn what to do on those situations."

His friend looked at him earnestly and Stoick had to admit, all of his arguments were true. He can't protect Hiccup forever. He will not always be with her and she's stubborn and she will most likely never stop until she gets what she wants unless she has something to preoccupy her and she's a girl that always seem to attract trouble.

Stoick thought deeply as Gobber drank. There was silence between them until the village Chief suddenly hummed and nodded. He seemed to have reached a decision.

"You're right. Hiccup needs to be prepared." Stoick stated.

Gobber brought down his mug hand. Well, at least this will make the lass feel better. He wouldn't lie but he did believe that Hiccup was not cut out to become a warrior as well. She wasn't physically capable for fighting and she has a low stamina. But the girl was smart. Really smart. Perhaps all she needed was a chance to be in a battlefield to prove her capabilities. Gobber trusts that the lass could use her cleverness in a fight. "Glad you understand, Stoick."

The man nodded to him again and went off to the hall's exit doors.

"Oi, you don't want to drink?" Gobber raised his mug hand as an invitation.

Stoick declined the offer. "No, I have to visit Gudrun." He told him solemnly. And then he left.

* * *

><p>After a demanding day at the farm, I was finally free to come home. My head was throbbing. I really need a good night sleep. I've been up long before dawn. I huffed in frustration too. I wasn't able to come up with a plan on how to find the Night Fury. I had been preoccupied with the barn and the field. Great. Just great.

Then, with growing horror, I noticed that there was already light emanating from our house. Father arrived home earlier than me. I looked up. Sure enough, the moon and the stars were shining brightly in the dark evening sky. I'm past my curfew. That and I still haven't cleaned the house and cooked dinner. Odin, give me a break!

I broke into a run towards the house and cautiously opened its front door. I took a peek inside. Dad was in the living room and stoking the fire. He didn't seem upset so maybe he already had dinner in the Mead Hall. But I'm still late, I messed up this morning, and the house wasn't clean. Full stomach or not, I'm sure he'll still give me an earful for staying out late and failing my house duty. Carefully, I closed the front door as noiseless as possible and tip toed around the house. I'll go through the back door. Sneak up into my room and pretend to have been asleep up there all day long. If he suspects, I'll just wing it. With that plan in mind, I slowly peeked to our house's windows. Dad was still in the living room. Good!

The back door creaked a little as I gently opened it and slipped inside the house. I tiptoed my way through the kitchen and cautiously checked on my father. He was still in the living room and was staring at the fire. The stairs were just a few feet behind him. I bit my lip. I had a slim chance of getting past him. But he looked so deep in thought. Maybe he won't notice. So, I took the chance and sneaked behind him. He didn't notice. Yes! I grinned in success as I slowly climbed up.

"Hiccup." My father suddenly spoke.

I flinched. No! And just when I was so close! "Uhâ€œ! Hey, Dad." I replied as I nervously went down the stairs and into the living room.

My father took a deep breath and stood up to face me. His expression was grave and solemn. My mind started to panic. Oh gods, what now? I'm so screwed! I knew I shouldn't have stayed too long in the farm! Wait, what if he's still angry about the Night Fury? Oh! The Night Fury! Sweet Freya, I haven't prepared an epic speech about the benefits of sending a search party in the forest yet! What should I say? What should I do? I decided to just wing it.

"I have something to tell you." Both of us said at the same time.

"What?" Both of us asked at the same time.

Dad cleared his throat and offered. "You, first."

I shook my head. Dad is the village chief and my father, it was proper for him to speak first. "No, no. You go first." I insisted.

He sighed and rubbed his hands together. I frowned. Dad seemed so nervous. What should he be nervous for? He always reprimanded me when I come home late. What's the difference now?

"You get your wish." He blurted out.

Huh what? I blinked.

Oblivious to my confusion he continued talking. "Tomorrow morning, you'll start your training. I'll be leaving tonight to hunt for the dragons' nest. You'll stay here and train andâ€œ!"

I tuned out the rest of his words. Training. Me. Wish. My eyes widened. I'mâ€œ! I'm getting a warrior's training?

"You signed me up for warrior training? !" I asked ecstatically.

He frowned at the question. "No, Hiccup. Warrior training enlistment is only during the third week of spring."

Which is even better! "So you mean you signed me up for Dragon trainingâ€œ!" Dragon. Training. I smiled at that. Dragon training! Thank the gods! So, Dad did believe me when I said I downed a Night Fury. Yes!

I hugged him in gratitude and happiness. "Thank you so much, Dad! I knew you'd believe me." I told him. Everything will be all right now. "Thank you! Thank you! Oh, but we still need to send a search party in the forest. We need to find the Night Fury as soon as possible and-"

"No!" My dad suddenly bellowed. His green eyes were wide in horror.

That was not a reaction I'm expecting. "But-"

"You've got it wrong, Hiccup. I did sign you up for training but it's for Healing not Dragon fighting." He sternly said.

Wait. What? ! That was not my wish. "But I want to fight dragons!"

Dad shook his head in disagreement as he took his battle axe and started packing. "No, you don't want to fight dragons."

I frowned at that and stepped in front of him. "Okay, rephrase. Dad, I need to fight dragons!"

He sighed in frustration as he turned away from me. "You don't need to fight dragons, Hiccup."

"No." I insisted and grabbed his arm. "I'm really very extra sure that I need to, Dad."

"Listen to me, Hiccup." He took my hand and grasped my shoulder. "You cannot and will not fight dragonsâ€| or humans" he added when he saw me about to protest again. He must have read my mind since I was about to suggest about giving me a simple warrior training instead.

I shook my head in denial. _Yes, I can fight! I need to fight! _"Dad, could you please just hear me?" I pleaded.

He tightened his hold on my shoulder. "I'm serious about this, daughter. You can't fight. I can't see you fight." He then patted my head in assurance. "Hiccup, you're more suited for Healing because you're allâ€| this." He waved his hand at me.

I rolled my eyes in annoyance. "You just gestured to all of me."

He sighed again. "This is for the best. Don't worry once you become a full-fledged healer, I'll let you help giving wounded warriors treatments after raids."

I kept silent at the offer. This wasn't what I wanted. I wanted to fight not to heal. I don't want this.

"Do we have a deal?" Dad asked as he finished packing.

"This conversation is very one sided." I grumbled to imply my dissatisfaction with the plan.

"Deal?" he asked again. This time, the question came with more force.

I looked at him imploringly. He has to give me a chance to explain. He has to hear my side. Butâ€| No. He won't listen. He will never listen. There's no other option for me. "Deal." I said.

My answer satisfied him and he nodded. "Good." He swung his basketful of clothes and weapons on his back and went to the door. He looked back and gave me an awkward smile. "Train well with Gudrun. Stay out of trouble. Don't stay out so late at nightâ€| I'll be backâ€| probably." And with that he left.

"Well then I'll be here." I said even if the person who should be listening was no longer with me. "I'll be here as always." I whispered bitterly.

* * *

><p>Author's Notes: Who honestly thought fem!Hiccup will get dragon training? *giggles evilly* Anyway, sorry for those who were expecting Toothless in this chapter. I'm changing things and tweaking up the canon story to avoid re-hash and for the situations to better suit fem!Hiccup's character development. Just be patient. Toothless will show upâ€¦ eventually.

Oh, and sorry for the uncreative OC names. Really, Crookshanks? *facepalms* I just can't think of anything else.

And one more thing, if you notice I always address Stoick and the rest of the characters that could fight as "Warriors" not "Vikings". I do that because "Viking" essentially pertains to all of them and their culture. Meaning, Hiccup, technically, is already a "Viking". The farmers are "Vikings". The common villagers are "Vikings". As long as one was born in Berk, s/he is automatically a "Viking". Becoming a "Warrior" is a different case. You can't be born with a "Warrior" status. You have to earn it and that's what fem!Hiccup is desperately trying to do.

Thanks for reading and sorry for the long note.

Athallie out!

4. Dragon Training

**Author's Notes: **Hello, sorry for the late update! Here's the new chapter and thank you for following this story. Enjoy reading! =)

* * *

><p>To Find A Place

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><p>Chapter 4: Dragon Training

I was not looking forward to this morning. I grudgingly combed my red hair as I remembered last night. I really thought that father finally listened to me. I really thought that he will let me fight. But I'm wrong. Of course I'm wrong. He's the most overprotective father a girl could ever have I swear.

I put down the comb. I have to pay a short visit to the farm first. If I'll be having Healing lessons with Gudrun every day, I have to inform Ingrid and Crookshanks. They could manage the place in my stead. Ingrid would be able to handle the fields. She might seem to be a soft, gentle woman but put her in charge and anyone will see that Astrid's fearsome personality didn't just come from the father side of the family. As for Crookshanksâ€¦ well he may be a bit crazy sometimes but he had a reputation that everyone respects and he handles the barn efficiently. They were my guides when I was still

getting used to managing. They were reliable. I was sure that with the two of them, everything will be fine in the farm.

I took my sketchbook and charcoal, in case Gudrun required me to write something. With one last check on my appearance, I headed out.

I thought about what father said last night as I walked. He promised me that he'll let me help in the battlefield once I finished my training. I liked the idea butâ€œ it will just be healing. I found that to be unsatisfying. Both mother and father were great warriors and they protected the village best. I should be like them.

Also, Gudrun had been a warrior once. She wore a horned helmet. She had fought battles before retiring and taking the role of the Village Elder. And that was before she became a healer. I was sure that whatever she knew in the field of healing would have definitely come from the battles she had fought. So, if becoming a healer is the best option for me, then how could I be a good one if I don't have any experience in the battlefield?

"Hiccup, pleasant morning." Ingrid greeted me as I went near the fields. The farmers saw me and provided pleasantries as well.

"Good morning too, Mrsâ€œ|err Ingrid." She smiled at my correction.

"Hey there, lassie!" Crookshanks greeted me as well.

"Hello, Crookshanks." I replied.

He gave me a toothy grin. "We're raising some fine chickens here." He said proudly. "So you'll be having your dragon repellent soon enough, Hiccup." He said before going back to the barn. The fowl birds inside squawked.

I winced. He still hadn't dropped about the chicken blood idea. I could see Ingrid shook her head in disbelief too. Then she looked at me.

"Just let him be. Now, what are you doing here?" she asked.

"Huh?" I looked back at her confused. "I always go here during mornings."

Her expression suddenly turned into a stern one. "Shouldn't you be training with Gudrun?"

My jaw slacked in surprise. _How did she know?_

As if she read my mind, she added "Your father told me last night. He said he was leaving and that he left you to train with Gudrun. He asked me to be in-charge of the farms in your absence."

I closed my mouth. _Of course, father would have done something like this._ I just wished that he had told me about it so I wouldn't have wasted time and effort in going here and telling them the same thing. "I see." I replied curtly.

"Bah! Gudrun will be teaching you?" Crookshanks suddenly joined our

conversation. Some chicken feathers were sticking out of his beard. "That old woman doesn't know anything!"

The statement earned him dirty and incredulous looks from the people around us. The status as an Elder is as important and respected as a Chief in the village. For him to talk about Gudrun like that was considered offensive.

"Years and years of her being the Elder and she still hadn't found a way to rid those pesky dragons for good. Our warriors are dwindling with those crazy fighting and expeditions!"

Ingrid flinched at the last word. His husband had been one of the Vikings to ride those exploration ships but never came back. She quickly recovered though and then rounded on the man. She had great respect for Gudrun. "The Elder is not the only one responsible in solving the dragon problem but all of us. And what do you suggest for us to do? Follow your wife's crazy ideas?" she asked icily.

"She would have made a better Elder! And her ideas are not crazy, woman! All of them make sense! None of you could just see it!" Crookshanks yelled with a terrifying glint in his eyes. He might be a bit weird but he really loves his wife. Insult her and things will definitely become messy in seconds.

I could see Ingrid brimming with fury. The farmers looked at them warily. Some of them were ready to hold Crookshanks back. A warrior's wife and a warrior trained man arguing? Definitely a bad situation.

"Soâ€|" I suddenly cut in. I hoped it will diffuse the tension a bit. "Maybe I should stay. I mean both of you seems to be in an incredibly perfect mood and-"

Ingrid's anger slowly melted and stopped glaring at Crookshanks to face me. Her expression had morphed into concern. "No, Hiccup." She then took a deep breath. "I can handle this. You go now. I'm sure Gudrun will be waiting for you."

"Butâ€|" I glanced at Crookshanks, who still seemed irritated with their argument. He grumbled something. Then he turned around and walked away.

I turned my attention back to Ingrid. "The last thing I want is for the Elder to hunt you down here and trust me, that won't be pretty." She insisted. "She didn't have that horned helmet for nothing."

In our village, horned helmets are accessories reserved only for accomplished warriors. Vikings who graduated from dragon training have the right to wear them too. It's their symbol of bravery and strength. Once you received a horned helmet, you could keep it forever. It's an honour no one will ever take away from you. Even when you're old and retired, like Gudrun, you could still wear it.

I remembered the bedtime stories Ingrid used to tell me when I still lived with them. Aside from stories about father's, mother's, and occasionally Gunnar's battles and adventures, Ingrid told me about the others too. Most notably was Gudrun's.

She said that a long time ago, an enemy Viking village raided us.

Gudrun wasn't an Elder back then. She was still a warrior in action. But at that time she was pregnant. She can't fight. But then she ignored her condition and went out to face the enemy anyway. Ingrid said that Gudrun went out with only a shield and a spear with her chest bare and her stomach big and rounded. She said that Gudrun screamed with fury and the entire enemy Vikings ran away in terror. True story or not, I knew then that Gudrun was one woman you do not want to mess with.

_Maybe, leaving will be a better idea. _I looked at Ingrid then at Crookshank's retreating back. I sighed. "All right. If you're sure."

She gave me one more reassuring smile and then I left. I was a bit uneasy leaving the farm with a conflict like that. It was wrong and somehowâ€| worrying. I just hope Ingrid and Crookshanks' fight won't escalate in my absence.

* * *

><p>I walked into the Elder's house and the first thing I noticed was the smoke. It wasn't like the black smoke you'll see whenever something was on fire. It was grayish white and they didn't come out in puffs. They float into the sky in thin wisps. The scent of the smoke was also abnormallyâ€| sweet?<p>

I went into front door and took a deep breath. "No turning back." I muttered then knocked. "Gudrun?"

There was no answer. She might not have heard me. I mean she is pretty old. Her hearing might not be as sharp as they should be. I tried again. "Gudrun? It's me, Hiccup."

"Just open the door, child." Her muffled voice said behind the door.

She must be doing something. I shrugged and followed her direction. I pushed the door open andâ€| was met with more of that white smoke. It irritated my eyes and tears started to form. My nostrils became filled with that sweet scent. I also swallowed some of it too and I coughed.

"Ackâ€| Aughâ€| Gudrun?" I blinked my eye as I went inside. I tried to look for her through all the smoke. "Gud-oof!"

Something poked me in my stomach and I folded. "You're late. I thought you weren't coming." She said.

I narrowed my eyes in hopes of gaining a better vision in my surroundings. "Sorry. I got a little bit busy in the farm. Aughâ€| what is this?" I asked in annoyance and coughed. I swallowed some of the smoke again.

"Smoke" The Elder answered simply.

I rolled my eyes. "You know what I mean." I retorted.

She laughed and then there were sounds of windows being opened. Slowly, the white smoke dissipated. I wiped my eyes and blinked a few times. Finally, I had a clear vision again. I looked around. There

were jars and boxes of different sorts of things in the house. There were also some twigs, some bones, andâ€¦ _Is that chicken feet?_

Then I saw Gudrun, kneeling in the furnace. She looked just as usual. Gray hair in two neat braids. Her horned helmet still spotlessly polished on her head. Her ever trusted wooden staff, symbol of the village Elder, rested on her shoulder as she gathered something from the metal pot on the furnace. Wisps of white smoke were coming out of it. _Ah. So that's the source. _With a wooden spoon, the old woman gathered ashes from the pot and put it in a clay jar. I frowned. _Is that some kind of medicine?_

Gudrun must have noticed my questioning stare and explained. "Ashes of mountain mints. Mix it with oil and it's the perfect ointment to soothe burns. Stir it in water and it will be a good substitute for milk." She tapped the spoon a few times into the jar. Then she closed the container and smiled at me. "Good for the bones." She added.

_Huh? _"Soâ€¦" I started awkwardly. But then she poked me again with her staff.

"Why aren't you writing it down?" she asked sternly.

I immediately took out my book and charcoal and started taking down notes. But then I stopped.

"Wait. You could drink that?" I asked. "But wouldn't someone choke on it? Ashes and water don't blend." I knew about that all too well. It was an experiment gone horribly wrong. One time, I put some ashes from our furnace to our bathing water just to see what would happen. Dad accidentally used it andâ€¦ well, he was not amused. I found it to be a good colouring material though.

Gudrun shook her head. "This is a special kind of ash." She said as she put away the mountain mint jar. "Dissolves quickly in water."

"How about the taste?" I haven't tasted a mixture of water and ash before and I don't plan to do an experiment involving that kind of procedure in the future.

"Ashy." the old woman said.

Of course. Stupid question. I rolled my eyes. It was always difficult to get a straight answer from her. It was frustrating. I wonder if this was how Dad always feels when we talk.

Gudrun went in front of me as she wiped her bony hands in her skirt. Then she narrowed her eyes at me. "Now, introduce yourself first, young lady. I haven't seen you here before."

I smiled. Sarcasm. The one thing I learned from my frequent visits here. It was a nice way of talking. Sadly, Dad wasn't too happy when it became part of my every day speech. "Nice to see you too, Gudrun." I greeted. "Oh and I think I'll be needing some of those ashes." I added humouredly.

"Burned yourself again?"

I shrugged. "Why would I be here in the first place?"

She shook her head. Father always brought me here to heal whenever I accidentally burn myself. They were only minor burns. Something I could easily take care of. But Dad is Dad. He tends to make a big deal out of it. A good example was the paper cut incident. Now, that was embarrassing. I was flipping the pages of my sketchbook when I accidentally swiped my index finger on the edges and a tiny prick of blood appeared. Dad saw my injured finger and he freaked out like I was dying because of blood loss. Gudrun had been mad that we bothered her afternoon rest just for that. That was the only time I saw Dad cower in fear. It would have been funny if Gudrun hadn't berated me after she finished with Dad. My ears still hurt from all the lecture and I was ten! That aside, she was still a woman of good company and spending time with her was enjoyable.

"You are late." She pointed out again.

I cringed. "Sorry about that. I went to the farm first."

"Stoick told me Ingrid will take care of that." She responded.

I huffed. Did he told everyone about that except me? "Wow. Sorry, I forgot to ask him to tell me if he passed the job to someone else without my knowledge." I answered sarcastically.

Gudrun hummed in understanding. She knew that I hate being left ignorant. I just wish dad knows that as well. It wasn't surprising that Gudrun knew me better than Dad since I always go and rant here when Gobber is not available. She enjoyed those visits. She always drops a good comment or two during my rants.

"I always told him to stop keeping you in the dark all the time." Gudrun told me.

I snorted. "I'm sure he listens." I felt my disappointment and annoyance about last night come back again. Dad never listens. He never listens to me.

She chuckled. "He's just stubborn, something you inherited."

Hah! Me? Just like Dad? I'm a talking fishbone for crying out loud! "As if." I retorted.

The old woman noticed my bad mood and sighed. "Hiccup, are you here to rant?" she gestured for me to sit.

I followed her instruction. I was still mad about last night but it will be unfair to take it out on Gudrun. I'm sure Dad just roped her into this. I'm sure that it had never ever crossed her mind to even teach me.

Gudrun sighed again. I was being difficult. She tap her staff on the wooden floor to catch my attention. Then she asked me something weird. "Hiccup, why are you here?"

I gave her a flat look. That was a weird question. She stared back. "To learn healing." I answered.

Gudrun huffed. "No, you don't." she said with a meaningful look in her eyes. "You're not here to learn, Hiccup. I know you never wanted to."

She easily read me. I sighed in defeat. There was no use in pretending. "Fine. I'm here because my father made me do so. He thinks it's the best option for me."

"And you think he's right?"

"Of course I do" I faked a smile. "This is way better than dragon training."

"Well, he said you need to be prepared." The old woman countered. "That was his reason for asking me to train you."

"Prepared? Prepared how? Don't tell me that when someone or something attacks me I would say "Uh hello, please don't hurt me. Look I can make those boobooos go away.\"" I scoffed. "As if that would stop them." I muttered petulantly.

Gudrun looked a bit insulted at my outburst. I was afraid that I have roused her ire but then she shook her head. "There's a lot more to healing than you think, Hiccup." She said. "You just don't see it yet because you have something else in your mind."

I frowned. What did she meant by that?

She then stood up and motioned for me to follow her. Confused, I did and we went out of her house.

"Uh.. where are we going? I thought you're going to train me." I asked.

"I am training you." She replied mysteriously.

"Butâ€| we're out of your house and-"

"You won't learn something you don't want to learn." She cut me off. "And I also believe that you will only learn if you experience the lesson first hand."

Huh? That was a frustrating answer. "What do you mean?"

"You'll see." She said.

I narrowed my eyes in suspicion. "You're being helpfully vague, aren't you?"

I may not see her face but I just knew she was smiling at that.

* * *

><p>My jaw dropped at our destination.</p>

"Welcome to the Dragon arena, Hiccup." Gudrun said.

Excitement surged in my whole body. I'm in the Dragon arena. I'm in the Dragon arena! "I've always wanted to come here but Dad forbade me to do so." I told her in awe. I couldn't tear my eyes off the iron

railings and wooden floors of the stadium.

I heard the Elder clicked her tongue in disapproval. "Now, your father's being a kill joy with that. This place is secure."

I nodded. "Yeah, I know! I mean what's wrong with me being in a place with live dragons which are safely caged anyway?"

Gudrun didn't answer right away but when she did, "And then again, your father has a good reason to do so."

I tore my gaze off the arena to look at her. "Hey! I thought you're on my side!"

The old woman just smiled. "I never once said I was on your side."

I was about to retort when a loud bang and yells came from the arena. There was also a familiar loud humming sound. My eyes widened at the realization. Dragon!

I ran and look down on the stadium. My cousin, the twins, Fishlegs, and Astrid were running around with a Gronckle hovering above their unprotected heads. I sighed in envy. Why do they always get to do the cool stuff?

I heard Gobber yelled something from the other side of the stadium. The trainees answered him. I couldn't understand what they were saying but Astrid seemed to get the right answer. After that, all of them scrambled to get a shield from the pile lying at the centre of the arena.

It was then that Gobber caught sight of me and Gudrun. He smiled. "Hey there, Hiccup! Thought you'd never come! Now come down here, I already had an axe and shield ready for ya!"

For the second time of the day, I stood with a slacked jaw. Then I glanced at Gudrun. She had this knowing look.

I eyed her owlishly. "Seriously?" Odin, please. Don't tell me this is a dream.

"I said I'll train you didn't I?" she said.

I smiled so wide that it hurt. Without another word, I dashed down the stairs and into the arena entrance. Gobber was already there waiting for me. Then there was an exploding sound.

"Ruffnut, Tuffnut, you're out!" the man yelled. After that, he explained something about shields, and noise, and aim but I wasn't paying much attention to that. I was finally here! I was finally given a chance to fight! Yes!

"Gobber!" I called him as I ran.

He met me halfway and he immediately gave me the axe. Then he strapped the shield in my right arm. They were a bit heavy and I briefly wondered if I'll be able to run as fast as I normally do. The man pushed me inside and gave me a rush of advices.

"Remember never lose your shield. It's your most important equipment!"

Don't ever lose it. And don't worry too much. You're small and weak. Dragons will make you less of a target. They will see you as sick or insane and will go after the more Viking like kids."

I would have been insulted if I hadn't seen the advantage of it. "Meaning I'll have a better chance in making a sneak attack." I muttered excitedly.

Gobber clapped my shoulder in encouragement then pushed me into the battlefield. "Good luck!"

I wobbled for a while as I try to get used to the added weight in my arms. Then I heard someone shout. It was Tuffnut. "What is she doing there? !" he said but it was drowned in all the commotion and sounds of clanking shields.

"All dragons have a limited number of shots. How many does a Gronckle have?" Gobber asked.

"Five?" Snotlout guessed as he ran away from the hovering dragon.

"No! Six!" Fishlegs answered excitedly. He even had his hand raised.

"Right, six! It's one for each of you!" the man said.

"What?" Astrid, Snotlout, and Fishlegs asked in unison. They must've not noticed me yet.

Fishlegs, being the biggest trainee, drew the attention of the Gronckle and it fired at him. Luckily, it hit his shield. After that close call with death, he threw his axe and ran away screaming.

"Fishlegs, out! Hiccup, get in there!" Gobber yelled.

It was then that I realized that I've done nothing but stand and watch the whole time. The Gronckle fired again. I yelped then hid behind the weapon's holder near me. Smoke sizzled a foot from where I once stood. That was too close for comfort.

Okay, what should I do? What should I do?

I poked my head from my hiding place and saw Astrid and Snotlout on the left side of the arena. The blonde Viking looked irritated. Snoutlout must have been flirting with her again.

I ran towards them. There's safety in numbers, right? But Astrid suddenly cartwheeled away from my cousin while the dragon fired again. Snotlout saw the attack and managed to cover himself with his shield on time. He avoided getting burned.

"Snotlout, you're done!"

Astrid landed near me. My presence caught her by surprise and she shouted. "Ah! Hiccup!" then she glowered at me. "What. Are. You. Doing. Here?"

I gulped in nervousness. This was the first time that we really talk

again for years and she looked ready to break me in half. "Oh, you know. Trying to kill a dragon." I drawled and Astrid's glare turned a thousand times worse. Stupid! Stupid! I should really start learning to keep some sarcastic answers to myself.

A shadow loomed over us and when we looked up, the dragon was hovering above us. It opened its jaw in preparation for another fire shot. Astrid and I jump out of the target zone just on time. After one explosion, black smoke rose from our former places.

All right. That's the fifth shot. Only one more.

The Gronckle realized that its shot had missed and searched for us around the arena. Astrid started hitting her shield to make some noises. I tried to do the same but I couldn't make the sounds loud enough. The shield and axe were too heavy. My arms felt tired. Then, the dragon shook its head. It was getting disoriented. Yes! I felt hopeful. Astrid and I could beat it!

I turned to my friend and gave her a small smile. "Guess it will be you and me." I said. Just like when we were children.

Astrid frowned in annoyance. "No. Just me." And she stopped banging her shield and ran away.

I looked at her confused. "What?" Then the Gronckle flew towards me. It charged at me in full force. I quickly ducked and ran. But my feet felt like heavy stones. I wasn't as fast as when I joined the training. I was getting tired already. My arms couldn't carry the heavy equipment anymore. My breathing was also laboured. My body couldn't keep up with all the action. But I can't give up! The dragon's flapping wings grew louder behind me. It was getting closer. I have to do something.

There was a battle cry from my right side and I saw Astrid threw her axe towards the dragon. I crouched and hid behind my shield to avoid getting hit. The sudden attack was evaded by the Gronckle though and the axe hit the wall. It distracted the dragon from me and it chased Astrid instead.

My childhood friend sprinted away quickly. She didn't look even a bit tired. She ran in zigzagging patterns to throw off the dragon's aim on her. She still had her shield but she didn't have any weapons... but I do. My hand tightened on my axe's handle. I had to help her.

I followed them but they were too fast. In my moment of panic, I dropped my shield for added speed. With the lost weight, I was able to finally get near them.

"Astrid!" I yelled. She looked at me with wide eyes. I guess she didn't expect me to chase them. I wordlessly threw my axe in her direction. My throw was weak and my aim was bad. The weapon slid on the ground a foot away from her.

"Hiccup!" I heard Gobber yelled warningly.

Before I knew it, I was knocked off my feet and was sent lying on the arena floor. Pain exploded in my back and I cursed. I was so caught up with helping Astrid that I forgot about the dragon! I tried to sit

up and escape but the Gronckle already had its fire ready above me. It was going to shoot and I don't have any shield to protect me. Bright idea, Hiccup. Drop the shield. Congratulations! You've doomed yourself.

I closed my eyes and looked away. I was fully prepared to become roasted fishbone but fire exploded somewhere else. The Gronckle missed.

"That's it! Go back to bed you overgrown sausage!" I heard Gobber spoke along with the dragon's warbles and grunts. I tried to sit up. My head felt light and my body was screaming in exhaustion. I could run and move fast but not in a long period of time. I was also carrying something heavy to boot. I need some serious exercise. I saw the other trainees talking among themselves on the far side of the arena. They delivered some pointed glances at me. Then Ruffnut laughed followed by Snotlout and Tuffnut. I have to prepare myself from whatever humiliation they're going to put me through after this. Then I looked for Astrid. She was not far behind me. She had my axe and her shield. She was the only trainee unscathed but she looked angry and disappointed.

One of the cages opened. Gobber threw the dragon inside and locked it. We could hear the creature bang its head on the thick metal door in an attempt to escape.

"You'll get another chance!" Gobber yelled at it. Then he looked at each of us sternly.

I groggily stood up. I could not appear weak. This was my one and only chance to be trained in fighting. I can't mess it up.

"Remember!" the man's commanding voice made each of us more attentive. "A dragon always always go for the kill."

* * *

><p>After reassuring a worried Gobber that I was fine and a dozen of teasings, insults, and glares from the trainees, I was back with Gudrun in her house.</p>

"Ow!" I yelped as she applied some ointment on my back. She hit my shoulder to make me sit still.

"That will be a nasty bruise for a week." The old woman assessed before handing me my clothes back.

I groaned in complaint as I dressed. Sleeping for the next whole week will be a pain.

"Don't whine, Hiccup" she chided as she gathered her pots and put it away. "You were asking for it."

I sighed. "I know." But did it really had to hurt this much?

Gudrun took some nuts and ground it. Then she took another set of jars. "I'll make something to numb the pain. You're not used to this like the other children. You'll need it."

"Thank you!" I said. For a chance, for your trust! "For everything."

"Oh, don't thank me just yet." She answered as she worked. "Don't forget I'm teaching you a lesson."

I looked at her confused. "I don't understand!"

Gudrun took some water and mixed it with her grounded mixture of nuts and powders. She then stirred the concoction. "It's just what I said. You can't see something when something else is in your head. You won't learn something you don't want to learn." She then stopped working and faced me. "So, my first lesson is to have you clear your head and let you, yourself, understand."

I frowned at her. That was one extremely convoluted answer. "You're being helpfully vague again."

She smiled. "That I am." She took a small pot and spooned some of the pain numbing concoction into it. She then took a cloth to cover it. Gudrun tied a twine around the cover to make it secure.

"Here." She gave the pot to me. "Go home and get some rest. Tomorrow morning, be here extra early. You need to gather some herbs as punishment."

"What?!" I asked her incredulously.

"You'll be receiving punishments for as long as you haven't learned your lesson." She explained.

"But I didn't do anything wrong. Okay, maybe I messed up a bit in the training-"

"Yes, you did." She commented.

"But I'm still alive with all limbs intact and unburned. I don't understand. What is there to punish for?"

"Everything." The old woman answered simply.

What? "But you put me there."

"No, I didn't it. You had a choice." She argued.

"But you said-"

"Did I tell you to go down?"

I scoffed. All right, point taken but she implied it! "Of course you didn't with that look you gave me."

She smirked "Did I?" she said then poked me with her staff and brought me outside her home. "Now, off you go. Once you learned the lesson, you will know what I mean." Then she closed her door and I stood there confused.

What? Then I looked at the pot I was holding. I forgot to ask her. I pounded on the door. "Wait, Gudrun! I have to drink this?!"

* * *

><p>Author's Notes: Haha, and Hiccup gets her wish! But remember, one must be always careful with what they wish for. Sorry if Toothless is not here yet but don't worry. He'll show up soon. Just wait. =)

I had fun writing Gudrun. ^-^ I hope you approve of her. Can anyone guess what she's up to? Anyways, there are things you should know:

1. About the horned helmets. Researchers said that Vikings never really wore horned helmets. It was just a myth. Makers of the HTTYD movie knew about that too but included the helmets in their design anyway because people expected it. I kind of tweaked with the idea a bit. Ordinary Vikings don't wear helmets but the warriors do (just like in the movie). But the warriors have to earn their right to wear a helmet. So... the twins, Snoutlout, and Fishlegs are not wearing helmets yet in this story. Astrid... well she doesn't have a helmet to begin with.

2. The story about Gudrun fighting while she's pregnant? I derived it from a true person. FreydÃ-s EirÃ-ksdÃ³ttir was a shield maiden. She was pregnant when she was in America but she drove away native Americans by facing them with a sword and bare-breasted. She was one hell of a badass woman if you ask me. =)

Also, I might not be able to update as fast as I used to. I'm having my stories beta-read from now on for better quality. 'Till next time!

- Athallie out

End
file.